



# Rain



[drops](#) [rain](#) [dystopia](#)

18 2 4

## Chapter 1 by Astrid

*Rain falls from the sky. People watch from their windows, but not in the usual boredom or joy. They are watching in fear. It rains too often now. The rain is purple, poisoned. We can barely go outside. It pollutes our food, our water. We cant survive much longer.*

Falling, falling,

Listen to the rhythm of the rain

Falling, falling

Listen to the rhythm of the rain.

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Most of us have moved on, and this planet is nothing more than a memory. They packed themselves into rockets, and left. The earth had long been falling apart - this was just the final straw. Why stay here when there was an entire galaxy to inhabit?

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As long as I can avoid the rain.

### Chapter 3 by Kinsley



It is a constant struggle. You may imagine it's a purely physical conquest. Yet, my mind is what often wavers.

How can I accept the harsh reality of avoiding something I used to depend on?

As drops of hope slid down the metal faucet and pattered onto the ceramic sink, my mouth watered. This is how life used to be. So simple. So harmless.

But, now, I walk through the abandoned town with every inch of my body covered in slick plastic. Even goggles that obstruct my vision must be worn.

I am now a slave to this foul act of nature. Although, it may not even be nature. This could be an act of violence.

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